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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Day is Done.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wing of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs have reached from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—H. W. Longfellow.

MY BUNKO FRIEND.

The moment I had so long waited for had come at last, and before me appeared this picture I had dreamed of for six weary months in Mexico. This, at last, was New York, and as the ferryboat plowed across the river I leaned over the rail and drank in the scene; the towering sky line with the penons and plumes of steam and smoke waving from the lofty structures; the broad river and the glorious bay alive with their shipping; and over all a sense of magnetic touch of the rushing, throbbing life of working millions.

Despite my preoccupation, I felt that some one was looking at me, and turned to a find a portly person eyeing me intently. He was considerably past middle age, of florid complexion, and his whole make up suggested that he might be one of those men who make it their business to welcome new arrivals to New York. I smiled grimly at the thought of an old New Yorker like myself being chosen as possible client, and met my friend's gaze with the most innocent look I could assume. The idea of a possible adventure appealed to me.

My assumed innocence must have been successful, for presently the stout man moved nearer, and out of the corner of my eye I could see that he was reading the tag on my traveling-bag. The bag was a present received the day before from a dear sister at home who had written on the tag, as a reminder, she said, that I did not belong to New York alone, "James C. Knowlton, Clayville, N. J." Of course I was prepared for what followed.

"Mr. Knowlton, of Clayville, I believe?" said my portly bunko-steerer blandly.

"The same," I replied with equal urbanity.

"Ah, glad to meet you. My name is Smith—Sylvester Smith. Lived in Clayville myself when I was a boy. Knew your father well. How are all the folks in the old town?"

We shook hands cordially, and I assured him that Clayville was as happy and as prosperous as could reasonably be expected since it had been deprived of his citizenship.

I had heard that lists of names of families living in rural towns and villages, procured at much trouble and expense, formed the most valuable asset of your enterprising, up-to-date bunko-man, and my corpulent friend had evidently procured a complete schedule of the older families in Clayville. He ran over a long string of them, claiming half a dozen as his relatives. He really amazed me by his retentive memory. He was evidently in the front

rank of his profession. I led him on, helping him over rough places, and what he did not know about Clayville and its people before he certainly did when we dropped the subject; for I told him tales of that quiet burg that caused him to gasp with astonishment and did credit to my inventive powers.

The situation amused me immensely and I was determined to see the adventure through to the end. It was my first experience with the craft, and I was curious, more especially as the genial Sylvester seemed to be a bunko-steerer from whom I might expect to learn all the latest methods of the business—one in short who would try to swindle me in the most gentlemanly and polished manner.

Would I take luncheon with him? To be sure I would, and a first class luncheon we had. I treated myself, at his expense, to the most costly dishes on the bill of fare, seizing to opportunity to make up for my long period of plain living and high thinking in Mexico.

During the meal we discussed finance, a subject upon which my new friend displayed great volubility.

When the luncheon was finally over came the expected invitation to "Run down with me to my office." Did I ever invest? "Well, yes, once in a while," I admitted coyly. With a knowing wink, my companion suggested that he thought he could "put me onto something good." My father, John Knowlton, had been the friend of his boyhood, and it would be a real pleasure to Sylvester Smith to be of service to his son. "Dear old Clayville!" and he rambled back to the Jersey village again.

I was so amused at the manner in which I was fooling this experienced sharper that I cracked several ancient jokes as an excuse for laughing. It was really too easy! He took me to a tall building in the financial district and we shot up in an elevator. It was a most respectable, high-priced building, and that he should have his den there rather surprised me at first, till I remembered that I had read in the papers of a pool-room being discovered on top of one of Wall Street's most immaculate office-buildings.

On the door of the office was "W. Sylvester Smith, Stocks and Bonds." The office consisted of an outer room in which two clerks were at work over ledgers and papers and an inner room marked "private," both fitted up in good imitation of the business of a financier who was "in the Street," but not engaged in a general brokerage business. There was a stock-ticker and all the usual appurtenance of such an office. "This layout must cost money," thought I. "The bunko business is evidently not feeling any industrial depression just at present."

I sat opposite "Mr. Smith" at a large table, while he opened and glanced over a pile of letters. "Been over to Philadelphia on business and so got behind with my mail," explained he. "The whole thing was really artistically arranged."

"How about that investment," said my host when he had finished his letter-reading. "How much money can you put up for a margin?"

"Oh, about five thousand," I replied carelessly. He went into the ticker and running the tape through his fingers pretended to read its cabalistic signs. "Ah, I thought so." "Just as I expected it!" "By George! it's a sure thing!" "Good for ten points at least," he repeated as if to himself.

I had got into the habit of carrying a revolver while in Mexico and had it with me now in my hip pocket. I slipped it into the pocket of my sack coat while he bent over the tape. The time to end the comedy was approaching, and the little barker might come in handy if Mr. Sylvester Smith should happen to be without a sense of humor.

"Now," said he, "about the money for margins—"

"Mr. Sylvester Smith, or whatever your right name may be," I interrupted, rising, "the game is up! I have been onto you from the start, and am surprised that the touch didn't come sooner. I thank you for a most excellent

luncheon, and by way of return for it I offer you this piece of advice: the next time you want to try a bunko game, try it on a real jay and not on a real New Yorker who may be on. Good-day!" And I took a step toward the door. The look of astonishment that overspread the man's face was so ludicrous that it made me laugh; but in an instant his look changed to one of rage. He fairly foamed at the mouth and doubled up his pudgy fists as if to attack me. "You—you!" Do you mean to insinuate—"he managed to shriek. One of the clerks opened the door leading to the outer office and looked in.

I did not wait to hear the last of Smith's talk, but sought the doorway as fast as my dignity would permit. And I confess to a feeling of relief when I finally reached the street and became lost in the crowd. Later in my own apartment, when I thought the matter over, I was glad the adventure had ended without mishap. At the time I had had no fear, but now it occurred to me that I had taken some risk in going alone to beard such desperate characters.

Speculation as to what might have happened was put to an end, however, when my servant brought me a letter. It was from Her, and asked if I would put her everlasting in my debt by filling a vacancy at dinner that evening. She had just heard of my return to town and was looking forward to seeing me again. It did not take long to reply. One of my reasons for returning to New York was to renew my acquaintance with Her, and now not only to be asked to dine but to put Her in my debt by doing so, was almost more than I had hoped for.

My toilet consumed more time than usual that evening, and I was a few minutes late in reaching her home as the result. I feared that I was the last guest, until she assured me that one other man was still to come. For this I thanked Providence and blessed the other man for his tardiness.

"The one to come," she said, "is my uncle, and I am most anxious to have you meet him."

Then we talked of the days before Mexico, and she seemed more charming than ever. We were in the middle of a most enjoyable *tele-a-tee* when there was a step at the drawing-room door and the butler announced the belated guest, her uncle.

It was Mr. Smith, my bunko friend from Clayville. She presented him to the other guests and then to me. For a full minute we stared at each other in great and mutual astonishment, the expression on the other's face gradually changing to a look of anger and a threatening scowl.

"My uncle, Mr. Smith," she said, "Uncle, this is Mr. Knowlton."

I was conscious of appearing not altogether at my best. The most I could do was to say "Smith!" as if I had expected his name to be Mortimer or Cholmondeley or something of that sort.

"Yes," cried the uncle, "Smith—Sylvester Smith, otherwise W. Sylvester Smith, or William S. Smith!"

The whole thing flashed over me in a second. I remembered to have heard of an uncle of hers commonly called "Bill" Smith in Clayville, who had left the village when I was a baby and was now something in the plutocratic line in New York.

"I believe this young man and I have met before," said the angry uncle, "and that we have some accounts to settle between us."

"Surely, you're joking, uncle?" She said in the belief that his anger was assumed. "But where did you meet? You both have been everywhere."

Before the older man could reply, I had assumed a confident manner, which I was far from feeling, and broke in with: "At his office in Wall Street this morning. And by the way, Mr. Smith, I have decided to take that stock you were speaking of."

The look on the uncle's face gradually changed into one of amusement. He actually grinned. Then he broke silence with an emphatic "You'll do, young man! Have a check for those margins at

my office to-morrow morning before the market opens."

The warmth with which he grasped my hand assured me that all was forgiven. And a little later at dinner I broached a subject, at which I am glad to say She did not seem displeased.—*Irving King.*

A Committee from Kelly's.

"Katherine—give it up, dear!" The man looked down into the earnest eyes of the girl as she sat in the shadow of a palm in the conservatory at the Morrisons'. Strains of music from the ball room fell on unheeding ears and she sighed as she looked up at him.

"I can not turn back now, Everett," she said. "Ever since that day I spent down on the East Side I have looked at life from a different standpoint. A message came to me then and I must listen. For a year I have been preparing myself to take my part in this work. To-morrow I take possession of what is called a model flat, and I hope to teach those poor little children something besides the three R's. To tell them how to take a little sunshine into their dismal homes." She looked like some fair saint with her face illumined with love of humanity.

"Might I venture to suggest that there is plenty of room for sunshine in an old house up the Avenue," said the man, wistfully.

The girl looked up quickly—"Don't, Everett, give me six months to see what I can do—then I will answer the question you asked me last night."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he said, "you do not know how I hate to have you go down there. My sympathy with the great unwashed is not deep enough for me to be willing to have you mingle with them. Then, to be quite honest, I have found them rather a happy lot."

"Listen, Everett," the girl said, "come down to me a month from to-night and I will show you that I am right and you are wrong."

"A whole month!" the man protested.

"Yes, a whole month." The sun was shining into the front windows of a room on the first floor of a high tenement down on the East Side. A snow-white bed stood far enough from the wall to allow it to be made up with perfect ease. In front of it stood a screen covered with pretty chintz; white muslin curtains hung at the windows; everything was spotless from the kalsomined ceiling to the oiled floors, where a few, bright colored rugs made walking possible.

As Katherine Anderson explained to some scoffing friends who came down to take luncheon with her: "Everything is clean and in its proper place, and the object-lesson is invaluable to these poor children. If you go into their homes you will find that the bed is a bundle of rags in some dark closet, while the front room is kept for company. Here I show them how easily this sunny room is made into a sitting room by putting that screen in front of the bed and then there is a healthful place to sleep. You may think that I am over-enthusiastic but I enjoy my classes, and I assure you they are all day long, for besides the usual schoolroom work we have cooking classes, physical culture, nature classes and little talks about all sorts of things. I have one little girl, who, I know, is going to be a great novelist, she has such an imagination," said Katherine. "Her big sister always has a duplicate of anything of mine the child happens to admire, and the other day she came rushing in with the tale that 'burglars' had broken into their house the night before and stolen twenty bottles of ketchup and 'some pre-serts.'"

"Had they?" asked the guest: "What peculiar taste in burglary?"

"No," laughed Katherine; "she has no big sister, and their house is one back room four flights up." Four weeks had passed since the Morrison dinner, and Katherine was tired. Then, too, she was not altogether sure that her mission was a success. Was she wishing for the fleshpots of upper Fifth Avenue, or was it physical wear-

ness that would pass in the morning.

"My dear Everett—The work of the model flat is still in existence, and it is almost a month—a whole month. On Saturday afternoon I am expecting some of the mothers to come and tell me what they think of the work we are doing for their children. They will probably be gone by five o'clock, and if you care to come down at that time I might be induced to go out to dinner with you. Don't bother about a chaperon. As I feel now, I could chaperon a chorus girl myself."

"Cordially, Katherine."

Whether the meeting at Mrs. Kelly's had been called together by engraved cards, by postals, or simply by shrieking from one window to another, I do not know, but there evidently was some excitement, some deep feeling which needed expression among the little crowd of women in the fourth floor, back.

"I tell ye," shouted Mrs. Kelly, to make herself heard above the din of many voices, "I tell ye, we must organize, and Tim Kelly himself says it. Only last Saturday night, an' him swearin' wid hunger, an' me fain'tin' with the big wash I had up the Avenue, what did we come home to but whet bread an' ags olla Beckynell. There stood my Katy, wid her han's on her hips a-sayin' as 'teacher said them things was nourishin' than b'led cabbage. Well, Tim was that mad he broke every plate on the table an' then went and drank hisself stiff in Casey's saloon."

"An' what do ye think," said Mrs. McGinness, as Mrs. Kelly stopped for breath, "the other night, when we an' some friends was comin' in for a quiet avenin', we found my Ellen Addy had hauled the bed into the front room, an' she an' the young ones was all asleep an' up to the winders was my best petticoat cut in two. When I waked her up she whined, 'Teacher says it ain't healthy to sleep in back.' Did ye ever hear the like of that? an' every blessed one of them kids born there!"

"Now, wha' d'ye think o' that?" murmured the crowd.

Mrs. Kelly caught her breath and began again "I've axed ye to come here because teacher sent word that she'd like mothers to come of a Satady and tell her how they liked what she was doin' for the young ones. Tim says as they sends a committee from men's meetings, and I think if Mrs. McGinness, Mrs. McGraw and me was to rip-sint this gatherin' we could tell how we feels."

It was Saturday afternoon, and the model flat was in perfect order, while the little servant, called "friend" by Miss Anderson, waited in her spotless apron to answer the bell. Another object-lesson for the mothers who were expected. The bell rang and three women walked soberly into the little hall.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Kelly, and you, Mrs. McGinness." She hesitated at the third name. "Is Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. Kelly in a deep bass voice.

"Bring the tea, Louisa," said Miss Anderson, "and then after that I want to show you how pleasant my home is here."

Mrs. Kelly gave a sniff. "Hum, yessum, it's sunny, but I've seen your home uptown, and it's beyond the like of me to see why you're down here at all, at all."

"Yes," said Mrs. McGinness, "an' I've come to say that you'd better stay up there an' stop teachin' my childer about their insides. I'm tired of hearin' 'I can't eat this, an' 'I can't eat that,' cause teacher says 'there ain't no food value.' An' there's Mrs. Polinski, down the street, says she'll have no more foolishness."

Mrs. Kelly had caught her breath again. Her Rebecca "come home only yistidin' an' cut all the stitches in Ikie's clo's, an' him sewed up for the winter."

Just then a woman with a shawl over her head came in without knocking. With a nod to the three women, she faced the teacher. "Now, I'd like to know one thing," she said; "you sent my Josie home this mornin' to wash the patchy old off her hair; now I want just one thing—does she come here to be smelt or leart?"

"There's another thing, too,"

said Mrs. Kelly; "I want that physical torture business stopped. The young ones are tearin' all their clo'es off, an' it's got to be stopped!"

Katherine looked a little dazed and her voice trembled a bit as she said: "Wouldn't you like to look at the flat?"

"No, miss, we wouldn't," said Mrs. Kelly. "You're a nice woman, and you don't mean no harm, but it's the sinse as the committee that you're buttin' in. Good day to ye." And they filed slowly out.

Katherine, with cheeks aflame, turned toward the door. There was a suspicious twinkle in Landon's eyes as he said:

"Are you quite ready for dinner, dear?"

There was a little break in her voice, and she gave him both her hands.

"Quite ready for—anything, Everett."—*J. V. Z. Biden.*

William's Apology.

When the children of room six took their seats after recess that afternoon it was evident that something unusual had happened. However, the teacher, Miss Morris, was so absorbed in arranging the models for a drawing lesson that she failed to notice the suppressed excitement upon the face in front of her. She also failed to notice the absence of two of her pupils from their accustomed places until the lesson was half over.

"Why, where are Isabel and William?" she asked in surprise.

"The principal's got 'em in his office!" shouted an excited chorus from the seats.

The room cheerfully and instantly volunteered to enlighten their benighted teacher. Out of the confused uproar which followed one caught such significant phrases as "a-scrappin'," "javin' on the stairs," "callin' each other names!"

"Children, you know I do not allow talking without permission," she said with severity. "I am almost as ashamed of you as I am of Isabel and William." Just then the door opened and the principal jerkily propelled two dejected-looking children into the room, where they stood, pictures of despair. Isabel's flaming face was buried in the crook of her elbow, from which a thin, sibilant snuffle issued a regular intervals. William, dry-eyed, glared savagely at a crack in the floor.

"These children, Miss Morris," began the principal in an awful tone, "have been disorderly on the stairs. I wish them to remain after school until you can settle their dispute."

It was not until after the other children had been dismissed and Miss Morris had arranged her lessons for the next day that she turned her attention to the two in the back seats.

"Now," she began, "I want to know what this is about? Isabel," she commanded, "tell your story."

"He—he called me na-a-me!" blubbered Isabel, from the heart of Africa, whose arid plains were in a state of deluge once more.

"Why, William Morgan!" exclaimed Miss Morris. "I feel so disappointed in you. I thought if there was a perfect gentleman in the room you were one."

At these words of condemnation William hung his head and swallowed hard once or twice, then glanced uneasily at Isabel as he blurted out:

"Well, she's all the time a-callin' me names an' I ain't a-goin' to stand fer it! An' I ain't never called her anything wors'n an old yaller—"

"Stop!" rang out the teacher's voice. "I do not want to hear another word. And I want you to apologize to Isabel for what you have done! Are you ready to make your apology now?"

There was a sullen silence on the part of William and an awkward shuffling of the feet which betokened anything but contrition. So, after a few minutes' wait, Miss Morris returned to her work, saying:

"When you are ready to apologize, William, you may let me know!"

As Miss Morris began to look over the papers in front of her she could not help thinking of the two

children. There was William, who was simply serving out his sentence, as it were, until he should be old enough to get a working certificate.

William, without the least spark of sentiment, to whom the beauty of the world was as nothing. William, who desired nothing above the dull commonplace. What good had eight years in the public schools done him? And Isabel! Poor Isabel, who was the eldest of nine olive branches which owned the patronymic Beeson—Isabel, the victim of arrested development, who was promoted from one room to another only when her physical well-being demanded a larger seat—what was there of joy and happiness in her life? What could the future—

An unmistakable snicker from the back of the room interrupted the teacher's reverie at this point. She looked up quickly and saw Isabel's face lit up with a rainbow smile as she blissfully oblivious to her surroundings.

"Isabel!" called Miss Morris sharply.

Isabel jumped guiltily and stuffed the paper into her desk.

"Bring me that note immediately." O e glanced at it and Miss Morris began to smile. The note was headed: "My Apology to you." It was as follows:

"Dear Isabel—I love you dearly. I love you more then I can tell I love you even when you call me bugs, from you loving feller."

"I just hate her! I don't love her a tall! I jist—jist wrote that to—"

"Well, Isabel accepts your apology anyway," interrupted the teacher.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Colony at Stony Wold.

The managers of Stony Wold Sanatorium are planning to establish a colony for consumptives and their families where patients discharged from the institution may be able to support themselves in healthy surroundings by means of proper occupation. As self-support by a consumptive is one of the most difficult problems which institutions and their discharged patients have to deal with, the results of this attempt will be looked forward to with very keen interest. At the present time it is said to be a common experience for a patient to leave a sanatorium at the end of six months with his disease arrested, or so far improved that he can again take up work, but very often the work to which he returns is of such a character that what has been gained in the sanatorium is quickly lost. This is due to the fact that the work requires too much physical exertion, that the hours of labor are too long or that it is of an unhealthy character, performed perhaps in badly ventilated rooms and accompanied with the production of much dust. A further difficulty met with is that the ex-patient taking up some different occupation than the one he has been trained to, finds his wages reduced and his ability to pay rent and the cost of necessary nourishing food greatly impaired. It is believed that a colony such as is contemplated would be of permanent benefit to all who could avail themselves of it, and that an experiment along these lines supervised and carefully watched would be of value in dealing with the general problem of tuberculosis. The plan if carried out at Stony Wold would give the colonists all the advantages of the Adirondack and the pleasant surrounding of Lake Kashaqua, and would in addition permit them to continue under the oversight of the sanatorium authorities. Close acquaintance with the sanatorium routine would also prove beneficial. The general tone of cheerfulness and the care used by all patients in eating and sleeping properly, and in disposing of their sputum so as not to convey their poisonous germs to others, would make the colony an object lesson of far-reaching effect.

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
North the all-beholding sun,
Find wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves must have,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Open Air Lantern Shows to Tell About Consumption.

The Board of Health in New York City has taken up again the plan initiated last year of showing at the parks and recreation piers stereopticon views in relation to tuberculosis. Pictures of tenement house conditions that make for tuberculosis are shown alternately with pictures of the same tenements after they have been altered or cleaned by the Tenement House Department. Then follow a few such sentences in large black letters as "Consumption causes more deaths than any other disease. Consumption attacks especially those who live in crowded, badly ventilated rooms. Don't live in a room where there is no fresh air; don't sleep in a room where there is no fresh air." The way in which germs of consumption are transmitted through spitting and coughing is shown and is followed by the advice, "Consumption is caused by the poison in the consumptive's spit; people who spit on the floors of their homes, in the cars and streets, spread the disease; if you have consumption don't give it to others by careless spitting." The removal and disinfection of bedding and furnishings by the Department of Health, and the fumigation of rooms infected with consumption is next shown and after this are pictures of Otisville and other hospitals and sanatoriums in and around New York City, where consumptives are treated with fresh air, abundant food and rest. The wearing "if you have a slight persistent cough, if you are gradually losing weight. If you are beginning to feel tired all the time, if you have a slight feverishness every afternoon," is followed by the advice to go at once to your family physician, or if you are not able to do that, go at once to a special tuberculosis dispensary.

Cornstalk

Professor Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, says that inasmuch as every 100 pounds of cornstalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol it is obvious that the ignorant agriculturalist has been allowing an enormous amount of wealth to go to waste. Say that one acre will yield from ten to twelve tons of grain stalk, or about 20,000 pounds, and you have a quantity of raw material which will produce 1,300 pounds of absolute alcohol, or 216 gallons. Alcohol at the present time is worth forty cents a gallon.

Ground in a wet condition and dried cornstalks may be kept indefinitely, and are ready at any time for conversion into alcohol. Professor Wiley says that the alcohol derivable from the cornstalks that now go to waste in this country would not only drive all the machinery of our factories, but would furnish the requisite power for all our railroads and steamboats, run all our automobiles, heat and illuminate all of our houses and light the streets of every city in the union.

The Office Towel

When Opie Read, the author, was editor of the *Arkansas Traveler*, one of the best reporters on the paper died, and his death was greatly mourned by the editorial staff. A visitor to the office, on the day after the funeral, found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately. "It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said, "a sad loss, indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crepe?" Opie Read frowned. "Crepe?" he said. "Where do you see any crepe?" "Over there," said the visitor, pointing. "Crepe be hanged!" said Read. "That's isn't crepe. That's the office towel!"—*Tit-Bits*.

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 96 W. Seldon St., Mattapan, Mass.]

Mrs. Cinda L. mother of Mr. E. W. Frisbee, died peacefully at her home on Broadway, Everett, Wednesday eve, August 21st, after an illness of several years suffering from a complication of diseases, which she bore with remarkable fortitude. Her death, though not unexpected, was a hard blow to her husband, son and daughter-in-law, who had been her constant companions.

Her funeral services took place Saturday P.M., August 24th, at one o'clock. Rev. Charles Spencer, of Everett Methodist Episcopal Church, officiated, and for the benefit of her dear friends, Rev. S. S. Searing interpreted. Her remains were enclosed in a handsome lavender cloth covered casket, which was surrounded by numerous floral tributes, among which were a spray of white pinks from Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Blanchard, and a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Roberts. Rev. Mr. Spencer opened the services with the singing of a hymn "Homeward," and then gave a beautiful eulogy of her life, in which he mentioned her self sacrifice for her family and home. The eulogy was followed by a fervent prayer and singing of two hymns, "Some Day We Will Understand," and "Abide with Me."

At the conclusion of the services the members of the family proceeded to Mt. Auburn Cemetery where the remains, where, after a brief service, the body was at once cremated.

Among the deaf who paid respects to the deceased were nearly all the inmates of the Home, showing the deceased to have been very popular at the Home.

Through Mrs. W. J. Rudolph's efforts, Mrs. Elizabeth Emerson received a little over twenty-five dollars from her friends for her vacation, which she is much in need of. Mrs. Emerson has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Derby, of South Weymouth, for two weeks, and now is resting at the Home at the expense of St. Andrew's Mission for a few weeks.

C. E. Wickens returned home from a two week's enjoyable trip to his old home at Montreal. Mr. A. D. Bryant, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., is expected in Boston very soon, and will be the guest of his college chum, Mr. F. W. Bigelow, at his home on Morton Street, Dorchester.

Rev. Chas. A. Crane, pastor of People's Temple, where the Boston Deaf-Mute Society has its headquarters and holds Sunday services, died suddenly about three weeks ago. Among the floral tributes at his funeral was a beautiful one from Messrs. F. W. Bigelow, Fred. H. Wood and E. A. Acheson, in behalf of the Boston Society.

Mr. Daniel P. Jones was most disappointed to have his usual summer vacation cut short by the rush of business at the Suffolk Engraving Company. He is the owner of a motor boat, and anticipated making numerous cruises this year, as in the past vacations. Mr. Jones had taken a large party to Marblehead, and with his wife cruised along the shore as far as the Isles of Shoals.

The writer and family had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. E. A. Acheson (Hattie Hogeboom), her two children and her mother, at City Point one day last week. The two winsome little girls came in for a good deal of attention, the elder, a pronounced blonde, might easily be taken for a sister of Miss Gertie Acheson, the resemblance between aunt and niece being so striking. The younger child takes after her mother's family. The little ones made the most of every moment, walking, and also digging in the sand with their feet, and kept up a chatter, and in other ways showed they know how to enjoy an outing as well as any other child.

At Revere Beach last Sunday, there was a wild rumor that Mr. Thomas White was either seriously ill, at the City Hospital, others insisted that he died there that day. The writer could not verify either report, so refrains from giving Mr. White's obituary, for fear he may turn up alive and protest in no mild way, as did Sam Wardman, of Lowell, who came to Boston to hunt up the culprit who announced him dead, and worried his relatives from far and near, though he never knew they could have said so many endearing things over his remains.

After a few visits to the L. St. Bath, at City Point, the writer wonders that at least part of the usual crowd of deaf-mutes who gather at the Revere Beach do not avail themselves of the L. St. bath house, where prices of suits is much cheaper, and chance to learn to swim are much better. A guard is always around in case of emergency. The bath reserved for women or young children is indeed a restful place for a mother with children to go on a summer day, while the children either bathe, wade, play in the sand, or on the several see-saws built there for their amusement. The mothers would be

free to sit and enjoy the cool breezes. At the bathing beach, the charge for a suit and towel is only six cents, though perhaps it is better to bring along one's own things.

AUBURN, ME.

The attention of your correspondent was called to the case of Mr. C. Kane, who is at present an invalid having helpless lower limbs. The writer when suggesting to him to apply for an admission to the Home, learned that Mr. Kane has applied to Rev. Mr. Searing for admission to the Home last year, to which Dr. Dixwell, president of the Trustees at that time, replied that the trustees could not take him owing to his chronic sickness, that the Home was not a hospital, that it would necessitate an extra expense to have a nurse look after him if he was to be admitted, but as Mr. Kane is a deaf-mute, the trustees may consider his case provided he would give him references from a physician who last attended him, or a minister of which church he attends, if any.

Mr. Kane did not make any further efforts in getting into the Home, but managed in other ways to live as comfortably as could be. It seems that if Mrs. Kane could afford to board him as she does now, she could very well offer to pay his board and lodgings at the Home, the trustees might consider his case more favorably.

Mr. Geo. Garelon, nephew of the late governor, is looking after the Garclon Farm, one of the best farms around Lewiston. His Northampton friends will be glad to know he is well and happy, he and his wife, a hearing lady, having been blessed with three children.

WINTHROP, ME.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Haynes, of Back Bay, Boston, have a good summer cottage at Big Pine Point, overlooking a beautiful lake called "Maranacook," and close back of which house runs the Augusta and Winthrop Electric Railroad, recently bought by the Standard Oil Company with the view of extending it to Bangor and down to Portland. At the lake there is fine fishing, boating and canoeing, which Mr. Haynes has taken advantage of during his month's vacation. Both Mr. and Mrs. Haynes have had good luck at fishing, having caught several good-sized bass each time. The family will return home in time for the children to attend school, some time in September.

PORTLAND, ME.

The deaf of Portland are rejoiced to find a new leader in Mrs. George F. Dixon, nee Minnie Mosher, formerly a teacher at Halifax, N. S. Heretofore the city has been without a Bible Class or a Sunday meeting for a long time, save an occasional service by either Mr. E. W. Frisbee or Mr. A. L. Carlisle. Since Mrs. Dixon made her home there, she has organized a Bible Society with its headquarters at a Baptist Church, suitably located within easy reach of the homes of the deaf. Her enthusiasm in the work and system of teaching have kept the meetings well attended regularly.

C. C. Casey had a steady job at carpentering for the city for several years, until the change of politics in the rule of the city, when he lost his situation.

Mrs. Edwin Raddall, nee Mrs. Erras, reminds one of "Mrs. Wiggins of the Cabbage Patch," for she is of such a cheerful disposition, that she sees nothing but a bright side, and when a deaf-mute comes to her with his troubles, she will treat him as kindly as possible, even invite him to her table, and encourage him to forget the troubles and look to the bright side. Such an optimist as she is, is naturally very popular in Portland.

On one of the islands in Casco Bay, off Portland, is Harpswell, once a farming village, and the home of Mr. Edwin Randall during his boyhood. His mother still lives there, but has changed her place into a summer resort, having a large number of summer boarders every year. This place is within sight of "Eagle Island," the summer home of Lieutenant Peary's family.

According to the deaf who graduated at the Maine School for the Deaf, Miss Taylor, the principal, has made a great improvement both in education and building, and it will be but a very short time before it will be ranked among the best schools of this country. Heretofore, under the pure oral method, the progress of education was very slow, and in many cases pupils were obliged to attend school from eight to twelve years. Under Miss Taylor's system, the tenure of each pupil is much reduced, by two to five years.

Miss Hardez has a good position in her aunt's laundry.

G. C. S.

A great man under the shadow of defeat is taught how precious are the uses of adversity; and, as a tree's roots are strengthened by its shadow, so all defeats in a good cause are but resting-places on the road to victory at last.

FANWOOD.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The work of renovating is still going on at Fanwood. The metal ceilings workers left here Thursday afternoon as the work in their line was completed. They have finished the boys' and girls' upper and lower dormitories, both sitting rooms, the dining room, and several rooms in the school building. In each successive place, when the ceilings were completed, it was given over to the change of the painters. In the dining-room is a stencil of bunches of grapes and leaves, which was done by painters.

The ceilings in the dormitories are painted white and give an air of general neatness. While the metal ceiling workers and painters were busy in the dining-room, the chairs and tables were removed to the sitting-rooms to make room for them.

William Wren and his sister, Gladys, are the guests of Howard Melville, at City Island, for a week or two. As the latter's father owns a motor boat, doubtless the guests will have good times.

William Stokely, well-known to Fanwoodites, for the ease and grace with which he signs, had one week's vacation, beginning August 17th. This he spent at the home of his married sister, at Douglaston, Long Island.

Miss Sarah McKeown, after nine days' stay with her old school chum, Mildred Wood, at Goshen, N. Y., returned to school two weeks ago. While there she had the opportunity of having a ride in a sixty-horse-power automobile. This gave her motoring fever, for which there is no remedy except the auto itself.

Joseph Dennen, with his uncle, decided to take a trip to South Beach, on Saturday, two weeks ago. Well, they got to South Beach all right, but Father Time got there ahead of them, and they had to return without taking in the sights there.

The boys no longer play "school building tennis," as their balls are being laid upon in the nursery with punctures. In place of that, old Fanwood echoes and re-echoes with the reports of a base-ball landing in the mitt of "Tommy" Neidenberg, whose countenance is such as would delight an artist looking for a subject entitled, "Happiness." For happy he is, no matter where the sphere lands, whether in the mitt or in his bare hand.

"Old cat" has not been played for the past week or so, and the sticks are taking a little vacation, during which they will recuperate from the injuries they received from the "stone-hearted" players.

The weather is rather hot nowadays, and our engineer, Mr. Joseph Banks, remarked one day that a bath in the vicinity of an iceberg would please him immensely. Who seconds the motion?

Luther Taylor, the celebrated deaf pitcher of the Giants, was up this way on Sunday. He did not call at the Institution, but at the Washington Heights Hospital, where he visited Frank Bowerman, the catcher of the Giants, who was injured by a pitched ball last week. When Luther came out of the hospital he had on one of his broad smiles, which indicated that his team mate was improving, and would soon rejoin the Giants.

Among the visitors here last Sunday afternoon, were Mrs. Ella Turner and her daughter, Dorothy, Frank Eeka, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Jaynes, and the latter's sister, Miss Susette Koop.

Fred G. Faneher, a pupil here, started two weeks ago, on the ocean tug, Gypsum King, of the J. B. King Cement Company, of Staten Island, for Nova Scotia. While nearing Boston, one of the propeller blades broke and the tug made for Boston. After replacing the broken blade with a new one, the tug proceeded on its way. He arrived at Nova Scotia a few days ago and remembered the writer by sending him a souvenir post card of a railway bridge there. He says he is having the best of times. He will return home a week or two before school re-opens, on the 18th of September.

The following, from the New York Herald of Monday, August 26th, refers to one of last June's graduates:—

"After appealing for help in the soundless language of the fingers, Sarah Sablow, a deaf-mute, not only saved herself from drowning in Long Island Sound, off City Island, yesterday, but was largely instrumental in rescuing two girls who went to her aid and who were overcome before they could help her."

Miss Sablow, who is nineteen years old and lives with her parents in No. 578 East 163d Street, had been spending a few weeks with her friends at Belven's Point. Yesterday, in the water, she was seized with a cramp. Unable to utter a cry, she threw up her hands and spelled "Help" with her fingers.

Pearl Schaefer, fourteen years old, daughter of the proprietor of a hotel in City Island, and Gertrude Goff, fifteen, saw the sign and, both being swimmers, they went

to the rescue. Meantime, Miss Sablow had struggled toward shore, and was doing well for herself when Gertrude Goff was overcome. The deaf and dumb girl swam to the other, and men took all three to the beach.

C. L.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Saturday, August 24th, was the day set apart for the annual picnic of Ephphatha Mission, it being held at beautiful Maplewood Park. A good number attended and all report having had a good time. The picnic was a success in every way. Mr. John Francis took a picture of the group, after which games were played, and prizes awarded the winners. Mr. Chas. Gibbs was chairman, assisted by Mr. George Davis and Mr. E. Wood. Following is a list of the winners and the prizes they won:—

Walking backward.—W. Borinstein; briar pipe.

Running race.—A. Kowski, fancy vest.

Hopping race.—A. Kowski; necktie.

Running race (ladies).—Mrs. Bews; picture frame.

Shoe race.—Mrs. W. Gibbs, match stand.

Stone throwing contest.—Mrs. George Davis; bon-bon dish.

Stone throwing (gentlemen).—Wm. Smith; fan.

Children's race.—Frances Grief; fancy dish.

Handkerchief race.—Mrs. F. Wackerman; box of paper.

Walking race.—Mrs. DeYoung; satchel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Keller and Miss Sullivan visited Watkins' Glen two weeks ago. They were joined at the Glen by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox, of Elmira, N. Y., Miss Humphrey, of Corning, N. Y., and Mrs. Cuddeback, of Lyons, also several others whose names have slipped the writer's memory. All reported having had a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hockshuhl have been entertaining their mother, Mrs. Litterer, of New York City, the past week. They visited Niagara Falls, yesterday. Mr. G. Davis and Mr. A. North also were at the Falls.

A small party of deaf-mutes expect to spend Sunday, the first of September, atodus Point. Mrs. Davis' mother and sister were recently in Rochester, visiting for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cook, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, stopped in Rochester a few days ago, and called on Miss Laner.

Arthur North attended the Rome Alumni picnic at Sylvan Beach, also visited several places near Syracuse.

Miss Pearl Seekins, of the Rome School, was in town recently, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman.

Mr. Charles Snyder spent his vacation at his home in Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Mrs. John Bews spend Saturday and Sunday in the city.

Miss Halpin has returned from a long visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, of Cortland.

Mrs. J. C. Lung is visiting relatives at Towanda, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis regret not being able to attend the Olcott Beach picnic, they having company at the time.

Miss Edna McClurg, of Buffalo, formerly of Rochester, spent several weeks here with her brother's family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have a new grandson, Irving R. Wood, the baby being the second child of their son, Mr. Walter E. Wood.

Mr. William Gibbs recently attended a swell banquet, given at Power's Hotel by the Manager to the men who were employed at remodeling the hotel. Mr. Gibbs has been employed by the same contractor twenty-two years.

Anniversary of Rev. A. W. Mann.

The coming Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, or "Ephphatha Sunday," August 18th, happens to be the 35th marriage anniversary of the Church's senior deaf-mute priest, the Rev. Austin W. Mann. At the time of his marriage, he was on the teaching staff of the Michigan School for the deaf children at Flint. Soon afterward he received a lay reader's license from the Bishop of Michigan. His first service was read at St. Paul's Church. Three years later, he gave up the work of teaching for that of founding and serving "silent missions" in the cities of the great Middle West. That meant the giving up of the comforts of home, for almost constant travel from mission to mission, hundreds of miles apart. During his travels as lay reader, his studies for both orders were prosecuted on railway trains, at stations, and hotels; the time at home being given to the arrangement of missionary itineraries and the sending out of a multitude of notices to deaf-mutes and to the clergy, and to the preparation of reports. Following are some of the results: 5,500 services in 428 parishes, and at schools and conventions of the alumni, in America,

Canada, and Great Britain. Almost 1,000 deaf-mutes and their hearing children have been brought to Holy Baptism; and nearly 800 to Confirmation. Records of all official acts have been kept. Methods and system have made possible all this large amount of work. The Rev. Mr. Mann was ordained by Bishop Bedell of Ohio, on St. Paul's day, 1877, and is now senior presbyter of the diocese. He is also the oldest deaf-mute clergyman in the world.—*The Living Church*, August 10, 1907.

WEDDING BELLS.

FRANCK—LOCKWOOD.

A Stamford young lady became the bride of a man from Pennsylvania, on the anniversary of their first meeting at a deaf-mute convention in New Haven, last year.

The bride is Miss Edna Ruamah Lockwood, daughter of the late Mr. Jackson Lockwood, of Lockwood Corners, Ct. The groom is Mr. Gabriel Franck, of Lansdowne, Pa. The ceremony took place at 151 Elm Street, Stamford, Ct., the home of Mrs. Aaron Witmeyer.

The maid of honor was Miss Alice Isabelle Lockwood, a sister of the bride, and the best man was Samuel Witmeyer.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York City, at noon, August 21st, and about a dozen immediate relatives partook of a wedding breakfast and extended congratulations.

The bride was attired in silk, white net and lace, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. She was the recipient of numerous gifts from relatives and friends.

Amid showers of rice and shoes the couple departed early in the afternoon for Pennsylvania.

Mr. Franck and Miss Lockwood met just one year ago, on the 21st, at a deaf-mute convention in New Haven, and the acquaintance then formed ripened into affection.

Mr. Franck was educated in Illinois and Mt. Airy. The bride attended the Mystic and Hartford Schools.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S.

There will be a gala week at Keith and Proctor's Harlem Opera House beginning Monday. For the opening of the regular season a stupendous production of "The Soudan" has been selected, with one of the largest companies ever seen in Harlem, with all the horses, camels and other animals necessary to surpass even the original production of this great spectacular military drama. Monday will also be memorable as the first appearance of the new leading man, Mr. John Craig, who was for years the idol of the patrons of the Castle Square stock company in Boston, and later leading man with Mrs. Fiske.

Remodelled and redecorated, Keith and Proctor's 58th Street theatre will open for the season Labor Day with one of the most attractive bills imaginable. Master Gabriel as "Buster," and George Ali as "Tige," were among the very strongest drawing cards on the Keith and Proctor Circuit last season, and it was the same story of success outside of New York. Belle Blanche, the mimic, another headline feature. The Willie Pantzer Troupe, with the boy who does marvellous feats of strength, etc.

Gertrude Hoffman, who has been the sensation of the Cohan show on the Amsterdam Roof this summer, with her imitations, has been secured as the leading attraction for Keith and Proctor's 125th Street theatre next week. On the same bill will be another mimic in another line, Miss Elizabeth Murray, for years one of the most popular comedienne. She returns from the west with a batch of new stories, which she will tell in her inimitable way. Others announced to appear are May Tully & Co. in "Stop, Look and Listen," the story of a stranded actress; Ed. Clark and his dancing widows; Smith and Campbell, sidewalk conversationalists; the Five Majors, a European Musical act, Jun Salmo, the contortionist, and a number of others.

Bert Levy, the cartoonist of the New York Times and Morning Telegraph will be one of the strong and most unique features at Keith and Proctor's 23rd Street Theatre next week. He uses apparatus, by which the drawings made in full view of the audience are magnified 800 times, and some most startling effects and transformations are thus secured. Bryans Peace Congress and Human Flags, in which seventeen girls sing patriotic songs and go through beautiful evolutions are also on the bill. Burr McIntosh, the actor-photographer, is also announced to appear in a new sketch.

During a recent southwestern trip the Rev. Mr. Cloud presented two candidates to be confirmed by Bishop Brooks at the St. Paul's Church, Oklahoma City, Okla., and at a later service baptized seven persons.—Mrs. Lizzie Hutchinson and her four children, Mollie, Robert, Fred and William; also Roger, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Hazzard, and Irene, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Powell. At Grace Church, Carthage, Mo., he baptized William Harlow, the infant son of Mr. W. Howe and Mrs. Laura (Bigley) Phelps; and at Marionville, Mo., he baptized Catherine Bassett and Howard Leslie, children of Mr. Howard L. and Mrs. Alice (Taylor) Terry.

UTICA, N. Y.

Miss Minnie A. Butler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending part of her vacation here with her friend Mrs. W. L. Butcher. Last Saturday they both enjoyed a trolley ride to Herkimer, N. Y., and remained there over Sunday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hodges and had a pleasant time. Miss Butler will go to Auburn, N. Y., to visit her mother before returning to Brooklyn.

Mr. W. L. Butcher went to Cincinnati, O., last month, as delegate to the F. S. D. Convention. He stopped at Niagara Falls, en route home, and took in the sights of that grand and noble picturesque place.

Charles S. Doane, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Butcher, has just returned home, looking "brown as a berry," after having spent two weeks in the Adirondacks.

Mr. J. H. Geary, of Chicago, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Butcher for a few days last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Miller, of Little Falls, N. Y., were here calling on friends last Sunday.

Mrs. Minerva Fish is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Head, at Madison, N. Y.

Aug. 19, 1907.

Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Sarah J. Roth was on the sick list. She is suffering from kidney trouble, but is still able to do her work very well.

Charles T. Malone will leave for the convention at Mt. Airy, Wednesday, and will be the guest of Harry F. Smith.

Miss Eva G. Coxie had a disappointment. She went to Chester and waited for the excursion boat to Woodland Beach, filled with the deaf-mutes from Philadelphia. The boat did not stop at Chester, so she spent the day at Willow Grove, Wednesday.

Lewis Long and his family leaves on Thursday for their new home in Richmond, Va. We miss them very much.

The Rev. C. O. Dantzer preached an interesting sermon last Sunday, August 25th. He felt glad to come back to his work here. There was a large attendance.

John McClelland is not very well. He is suffering with kidney trouble.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor

Afternoon service, at 3.30 P.M.

Bible Class meets at 4 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3:10 P.M.

September 1st, Holy Communion.

All other appointments are discontinued until further notice is given. Dr. Chamberlain is away for vacation. The Rev. J. H. Keiser's address is No. 2869 Briggs Avenue, Bronx Borough, New York City.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

REV. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2606 Virginia Avenue.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

"Play the Game."

On the coffin of the late Rev. Dr. W. H. Drummond, the widely-known and beloved Canadian poet, who died recently, were the words "Play the Game."

PLAY THE GAME.

There's a breathless hush in the close to-night—
Ten to one and the match to win—
Pumping pitch and a blinding light
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it is not for the sake of a ribboned coat—

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up, play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red
Red with the wreck of the square that broke—
The Gatling's jammed the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The river of Death has brimmed its banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name;
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks;
"Play up, play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set;
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hear it dare forget.

They all with joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling true to the host behind,
"Play up, play up! and play the game!"

NEW YORK.

The Brooklyn Picnic a Great Success.

SYNAGOGUE FOR THE HEBREW DEAF.

Praise for Taylor.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

Referring to the ball of the Brooklyn Club last winter, Mr. Pach in the *Silent Worker* remarked "The Brooklyn Club's balls always spell success." He might have added the "Brooklyn Club's picnics SPEAK success."

Despite unfavorable weather conditions, the outpouring at the club's picnic last Saturday, at Grand Street Park, Maspeth, L. I., was simply tremendous. Such a lot of out-of-town people have not been seen at any gathering in a long time. Fortunately for the treasury of the club, the weather cleared off at noon, and from a bleak dreary outlook, conditions became ideal.

The chief interest in the affair was centered on the baseball game between the Brooklyn Club and a team representing the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, captained by Johnny Shea and Johnny Black, respectively. It was a lively contest, being finally won by a three-bagger by Willie Long in the last inning—the seventh—game being called to allow time for other athletic events. Score: Brooklyn Club, 8; New Jersey Society, 7. Mr. Malloy umpired the game.

Frank Brown, who was the official scorer, promised the writer a score card, but up to date has failed to "deliver the goods."

After the ball game, the field games claimed attention, and were more than interesting throughout. Only one lamentable fact marred the contests, which was the admission of a semi-professional runner into the two-mile race. He ran under the name of Burns, and as he is an athlete in training for amateur games at such like picnics he came in ahead. The same fellow, under another name ran last year and the year before. Henry Miller would have won this event had it been for deaf-mutes only. Following is the list of games, with winners and prizes:—

The 100 yd. race for ladies was run in two heats, Misses Meyer, A. Keitel, S. Rubien and Brown qualified for the final, which was won by Sarah Rubien, who received a picture frame as a prize.

Misses Fryer, Becking, Rubien and Koplowitz, were the winners in the trial heats of the 100-yds. walk for ladies. In the final Misses Rubien and Koplowitz crossed the winning line together. On the toss of a coin to decide who should get the prize, fortune smiled on Miss Rubien, and she was awarded a lady's purse.

The 100 yds. race for men resulted in J. E. Danbey, G. Thiele, J. Walsh, and J. Koplowitz tying the mark in the deciding heat, which was won easily by J. Walsh. He got for a prize some silk scarfs.

The two-mile race was hotly contested up to the last lap by Henry Miller and W. Burns, but the latter got the prize, as Miller collapsed on the home stretch. The prize was an oil painting.

The hurdle race of one-eighth of a mile, was won by H. Sanderhanf. Prize, a belt.

The tug-of-war by teams representing the Xavier Club and the Brooklyn Club was won by the latter, the prize being a box of cigars. Here are the names of the two teams: Brooklyn Club—Messrs. Melody, McLaren, A. Hanneman, Hayden, Knopp, Xavier Club—Messrs. Kinney, J. Walsh, Sanderhanf, Cullen, Melia.

The Judges of events were E. A. Hodgson, F. W. Nabor, E. E. Hannan.

Referee, Fred Lloyd, of Saratoga. Starter, Charles Casella, of the New Jersey Society.

The committee in charge of the affair was composed of S. Rosenthal, chairman, Frank Eeka, Frank J. Hayden, Thomas H. Melody, Archie McLaren.

The chairman is deserving of great credit for the excellent arrangement he had made for running off the various events. The three cops sent by Commissioner Bingham had an easy time of it, there being no disturbance to mar the day's pleasure.

The dancing which took up the remaining hours of the evening found plenty of devotees, and the large covered pavilion was kept full of whirling couples till nearly midnight. Wilbur L. Bowers was floor manager, with Frank J. Hayden, assistant.

Floor Committee—John M. Black (Chairman), J. E. Taplin, Herman Eschert, S. Goldstein, Joseph H. Knopp, John Moran, Adolph Berg, Fred Eisenfeld, T. J. O'Grady, J.

Koplowitz, W. Nachumson, P. J. Coulon, Wm F. Long, Abe Hanne-man, H. Leibsohn, S. E. Pachter, Geo. Yoerger.

Reception Committee—Henry L. Juhring (Chairman), Israel Solomon, B. Silvermond, Nathan Wolk, M. Lozinski, William Fricken, John Van Seggar, J. Landu, Adolph Duerr, Wm. Morris, J. M. Jackson, W. B. Taylor, G. H. Wigley, Daniel Brown, J. Scaloese, Fred Backus.

The officers of the Brooklyn Society are:—H. Pierce Kane, President; John D. Shea, Vice-President; S. Rosenthal, Corresponding Secretary; Marcus H. Marks, Financial Secretary; Peter F. Redington, Treasurer; John D. Buckley, Sergeant-at-Arms. Board of Governors—W. L. Bowers, Frank Eeka, James F. Britt.

The work of the Committee of Seven to secure synagogue services for the worship of Jewish deaf-mutes and to devise means and ways with a view to obtaining quarters for worship, has been beset by difficulties and discouragements, and the chief difficulty was to find a man to conduct services in the sign-language, and it was freely granted on all sides that he should hear and talk on account of the many languages used by the Hebrews. The most feasible plan was to send a young rabbi to either the Fanwood School or the College at Washington to learn the sign-language. To this end, the Committee will bend its efforts, and it will necessarily take a year or two before their fond wishes will be realized.

In the meantime, the synagogue for the deaf will get along the best it can, with bright laymen, who are well versed in Hebrew, the Mosaic law and the Old Testament. If ample funds are raised, no doubt, they will be devoted to the training of a bright Hebrew young man, either at a seminary or with a seminary tutor, thus obtaining for him the full power of a rabbi and to act as assistant to his chief. Again, the many grades of intelligence, the social differences, the various languages as spoken by them and the uncertainties of the future gave the committee no end of trouble. They have, however, with the able aid given by Rev. Mendes, formed a ritual suitable for the deaf, and one thousand copies have been printed (they cover about twelve pages in a pamphlet). Although the project had been started last June, the work of the committee has been necessarily slow, owing to the heat of the summer and the absence of some of members at different times. The taking off of Mr. Jacques Loew by act of Providence was a severe blow to the committee in particular and the deaf Hebrew race in general, as he was enthusiastically engaged in this field of usefulness. Rev. H. P. Mendes is now looked upon as the Gallaudet of the deaf of Hebrew faith, and his great wisdom and experience was a staff the committee only too gladly leaned upon. Mr. Francis W. Nabor also must come in for a share of praise for his able interpreting between Rev. Mendes and other well-known Hebrews and the deaf, although himself being a non-Hebrew.

That seventy-two deaf Hebrews have enrolled with the secretary of the committee, with the small fee of twenty-five cents at the start, is certainly an encouraging sign of ultimate success, and shows emphatically the need of spiritual uplifting. Various sums, as two, five, ten, twenty-five dollars, and even a check for one hundred dollars, were offered to the secretary, but declined, as he preferred to wait for the organization soon to be effected with a board of officers, and after this, smooth sailing will and ought to favor its career. The committee is pleased at the news of an agitation for a similar purpose in Philadelphia, and synagogue services should be had in every large city in the United States. No doubt, in a number of years, circuits for the ministering to the spiritual welfare of the Hebrew deaf will be established.

In his column called the "Base-Ball Bugle," Wm. F. Kirk writes as follows concerning Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute ball player:—

"One of our readers has written us asking why Luther Taylor, the famous deaf pitcher with the New York Giants, is able to compete with athletes who possess two more senses. The reader wishes us to reply editorially.

"The editor of 'The Bugle' is a great admirer of Mr. Taylor, who has made himself one of the foremost pitchers of the day, not by listening to the advice of others (for he cannot hear) and not by telling himself that he was a wonder (for he cannot talk, even to himself), but by getting on the job and using the senses he possessed.

"The editor of this journal frequently receives letters from discouraged readers, setting forth their aches and pains, their financial troubles and their marital woes.

"How would the man who has the headache three or four times a week—and wishes to commit suicide as a result—like to be blind, or deaf or dumb, or all three?"

"How would the man who has the trouble with his wife like to have her deaf and be dumb himself?"

"Luther Taylor was always deaf and dumb, but he did not mope around and rail at fate with his fingers, and he did not write whining letters to the editor of 'The Bugle.' Realizing that with two senses lacking he would have to make the other three work longer hours, he cultivated as much as possible the senses of feeling, taste and sight, until to-day he is feeling the pride of a victor, tasting the sweets of success, and seeing his salary envelope on the first and fifteenth of every month."

"It is true that a man who can neither hear nor talk is more or less inconvenienced in every walk of life. He cannot listen to the strains of Beethoven and he cannot tell the landlady he will pay the following week. But on the other hand, he does not have to listen to 'School Days,' and he can come home late from the city, turn on the lights and have it out with his wife and never let the people in the next flat know anything about the trouble."

"The editor of this journal wishes that there were more people like Luther Taylor—more men who could rise superior to the petty obstacles of this journey through life."

Miller Brothers "101 Ranch-Wild West" show at Brighton Beach Park goes into its fifth week Sunday, August 25th. It is probable that the engagement will come to an end with the performance Labor Day, although it is possible that the big entertainment may stay all of that week. Of all the big shows which have been given at Brighton Beach Park, this engagement of Miller Brothers "101 Ranch-Wild West" has been the most successful. Its reality, the spontaneity with which every one taking part work, and the pictures of Western life, they have presented pleased amusement lovers mightily.

The father of Mrs. Mary E. Roseneker, Ex-Fire Captain John Finn, passed away most peacefully on Wednesday, August 21st, after an illness of three years. He was buried from St. James Church, James Street, New York, where a solemn requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul. He was a veteran of the Civil War and also served thirty-five years in the Fire Department until he retired three years ago, on account of ill health, with a pension.

Mr. Alex. Dezendorf, of 102 Doscher Street, East New York, has decided to sell his property at above address and move to a more desirable neighborhood. He may purchase a small farm somewhere in New Jersey in the Spring, and become a farmer in a small scale and also try his hand at poultry raising. Success to him. He has been in the produce business for many years and is well acquainted with the raising and care of vegetables.

Announcement was made last week, under a separate heading, of the organization of "A German Club," with Mr. William Lipgens as president. Secretary Nibler writes that it is not a "club" that has been formed, but a society to be known as "The German Deaf-Mute Society of New York."

Mr. William Lynch and his father have been in many cities and towns of Ireland, Scotland, Liverpool and London, England, Paris, France, and Germany. They are coming home from Europe next week. Herman Heerd and William Lynch's brothers received some post-cards from them from Europe.

Moses Heyman, who is sojourning in the South with his wife, writes to C. J. Le Clercq that they are having a great time, and that he caught five trout one day, although, as he admitted, he was a novice at the sport.

Wallace F. Howell was in town Sunday. He is working at Garden City Estates, L. I., on a contract, and will remain there some time before returning to his home in Port Jefferson.

Mr. Louis Samuel, a graduate of Fanwood, and a shoe-maker by trade, was married to Miss Esther Goldford, a graduate of the 67th Street Institution, on Monday, July 29th, 1907.

A nail which entered the right foot of Abe Galland, while at work in Washington Market, necessitating four operations at a hospital during the past three weeks. His foot is not yet healed.

Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz and daughter, Amelia, returned Saturday from a six weeks' stay at Egg Harbor and Atlantic City. Both bear marks of beneficial fresh air.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and daughter, Margaret, have returned from their week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jackson, in Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. H. Heerd's brother has been in the country for two weeks, and he sent two barrels of apples

and pears, and one box of huckleberries to his mother.

Mr. R. E. Maynard continues to improve in the health in the rarified atmosphere of Colorado, and it would not be surprising if he soon returned East.

It is not known generally, but is a fact nevertheless, that Miss Finn was married last November to Mr. Frank J. Hayden.

Mr. A. L. Thomas, the popular deaf-mute salesman for Rogers Peet & Co., has been spending his vacation in Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Robert Boswell, of Washington, D.C., is visiting her family and friends, and will stay here for a long time.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Capelli witnessed the entertainment "101 Ranch" of Miller Bros., at Brighton Beach, on Monday evening.

Fred Hoffman and Mrs. Sadie Lounsbury went to Bridgeport, Conn., on an excursion with two hours' stop over Sunday.

The engagement of Lillian Bullis, of Port Jervis, to Charles E. Brewer, of Mt. Vernon, is announced.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

This has been the dullest summer for many years for the local mutes. It has been the same old story "Nothing doing," whenever your scribe went out looking for news. However we have been able to pick up a few bits of news here and there, and will let our readers have them for what they are worth.

Mr. A. D. Hodges, who suffered a paralytic stroke about a year ago and who never regained his strength, resigned his position in the Government Printing Office, and sold his home at Hyattsville, Md., moved down to Texas. We all hope that "Andy" will find the climate down there more invigorating and will soon be himself again.

Mr. John Dailey, father of Mrs. W. P. Souder, Mrs. Edmund Price and Miss Sadie Dailey, died on the 28th of June, at the ripe age of seventy-five years. The family have the deepest sympathy of all their friends.

Mrs. Edmund M. Price and daughter, Belle, of Los Angeles, Cal., arrived the day before their father and grandfather died. They will remain in town for several months.

Mr. Gilbert Erickson received a telegram from his wife, who left for Minnesota a few days ago, that his father had died the day that she arrived. Mr. Erickson will leave for his home to-night. We extend our sincere sympathy.

Edward Burns, who attempted suicide in Baltimore, a short time ago, by shooting himself in the head, has fully recovered, and is back at his old place with the Arlington Bottling Co.

Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Pfunder have gone down to Front Royal, Va., where they will remain until the hot summer days are over. Mr. Pfunder went down there this morning, and will visit his wife until after Labor Day.

Several of our deaf expect to take in the Philadelphia convention. Those we know of are Mr. L. H. LeFevre, Miss Sadie Dailey and Mr. and Mrs. Edington.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. DeSilver, of Cincinnati, O., are in town seeing the sights.

Mr. Melville Ballard and son, Ralph, left a short time ago, for Maine, where they will remain until the school bell rings again next month.

There were a couple of excursions a week ago, one was to Chesapeake Beach and the other to Colonial Beach. Those who went to Chesapeake Beach were: Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Edington and children, Mrs. Price and daughter, Miss Sadie Dailey, and Messrs. Flood and Blaine. Those who went down the river were Mr. and Mrs. LeFevre, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Dr. Hotchkiss and Messrs. Stewart, Elgwood and Blaine.

Miss Mades expects to spend a couple of weeks at Atlantic City, the first part of September.

W. P. Souder was down with the typhoid fever for several weeks in June and July, but is now able to be around a little.

Messrs. Posthusta and Davis, who have been rusticiating since College closed, are back in town for a while.

W. P. S.

August 25, 1907.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTEZ, Pastor, 3535 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

OHIO.

Reunion Advance Guard Arrives.

DEATH AT THE HOME.

Letter of Congratulation.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 24, 1907—Chairman Obhlacher, of the Arrangement Committee, since our notice of two weeks ago, to write him, has been getting many letters applying for accommodations and notices of intention to be at the reunion. Although this is still six days off, the advance guard is already on hand. Mrs. Christian Meyer, of Cleveland, coming in Wednesday, and meanwhile is visiting a niece.

Friday Rev. Geo. Flick and wife landed in town. They are staying at the home of the writer. He preaches in Huntington and Charleston, West Va., to-morrow, and returning Monday, will spend the intervening time in the preparation of his address, and getting a lay of the land.

Saturday Mrs. Emma Kob Sawhill, of Swissvale, reached the city, and until reunion date will spin yarns, and go over past experiences with Miss Bessie Edgar, whose guest, she is.

Miss Clara Winton, from Vicksburg, Mich., came in ahead of all others, no doubt having the early bird, etc., proverb in mind. Hope she caught it. She is seeing-sawing between "The Maples," Grove City, and Grand View, being in charge of Misses Bessie McGregor and Ethel Zell.

Some of the Columbus folks who have been away on their vacation have also returned, among them, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Charles.

Mrs. Adelia Dorothy Grimm, who had been in the Home for Aged Deaf for several years, died last Sunday, as a result of the infirmities of advanced age. Her only son, Michael, of Akron, had been informed of her condition, and he was with her for a week, and at the time the end came. The remains were buried in the Home lot of the village cemetery, Monday afternoon, Dr. Patterson going up to conduct the services.

Mrs. Grimm was born in Le Royville, Jefferson County, N. Y., May 22d, 1836, attended the New York School for Deaf. Her maiden name was Millot. Four brothers and three sisters, residing in New York, survive. Her mother, a couple of years ago, died at the advanced age of ninety-five.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Neuner, on the 19th inst, and they are consequently happy.

The men of St. Agnes' Deaf-Mute Mission, Cleveland, have sent, through the Rev. A. W. Mann, the sum of \$3.75 to the Men's Missionary Thank-Offering.

Mrs. A. W. Mann and Mrs. B. R. Allabough went on an excursion by day boat from Cleveland to Detroit on Tuesday, August 13th, and returned on Thursday, reporting having had a very pleasant time. While in Detroit, the ladies were the guests of Miss Clara P. Smith. All of Wednesday, was given to sight-seeing and visiting friends.

A Combined Service was held at Grace Church, Cleveland, on Sunday morning, August 18th, the Rev. Mr. Mann interpreting for the Rev. Mr. Bubb, the Rector. In the afternoon the service was for deaf-mutes only. The Rev. Mr. Mann read the service, assisted by Prof. Allabough, Lay Reader of the Pittsburgh Mission, who made an address. He was followed by Prof. McGregor.

About the happiest man in Sandusky, Thursday morning, was our friend, A. B. Davis, for he became then a grandpa by the birth to his son of a boy baby. Every body was getting cigars in the Davis Boat Works as a consequence of the event. May the little fellow live, grow up, and become a second edition of his now famous grandpa!

Camp A. B. Davis, for 1907 is now an event of the past, but has left fond and pleasing memories to those who shared in its existence, and those who were its guests. There were incidents occurring almost every day that caused much merriment among the occupants. On one occasion, the little dock of the camp couldn't stand the combined weight of Mrs. Davis and Miss Fisch, and as a result, they suddenly found themselves, against their will, in the bay, and causing a change of clothing necessary.

And the lord and master of Mrs. Davis likewise, on one occasion, came in an unexpected collision with the waters, by slipping off his launch, and getting a good soaking and the laugh of the crowd as a consequence. And little Miss Cloa Lamson, at the Davis Boat house, Sandusky, not to be outdone by the others in the way of diving, sudden-

ly took a header for the bottom of the bay. Whether she was in search of frogs or some other water creature, report saith not.

Mrs. Wm. Zorn and daughter have been spending the week as guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, while Mr. Zorn, Mr. Becker and Mr. Zell, held forth at Camp Davis. Yesterday the tents were taken down and with the other paraphernalia stored away for next year's use. To-morrow the party will be back in Columbus, and will entertain its friends with camp life of 1907.

The following was read to the Rev. and Mrs. Mann by Mr. E. R. Carroll, on Saturday, August 17th. The Rev. Mr. Mann responded with heartfelt thanks for himself and Mrs. Mann.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 17, 1907.

THE REV. A. W. MANN:

Dear Pastor:—We, the undersigned, members of St. Agnes' Mission and others, desire hereby, to congratulate you and your good wife upon the thirty-fifth anniversary of your marriage, and to wish you both both many years more of happiness and usefulness in your work among the deaf.

E. R. Carroll
R. P. MacGregor
B. R. Allabough
M. R. Marcosson
Belle Marcosson
Ernestine Fisch
J. B. Benedict
Fred C. Krull
Mrs. B. R. Allabough
Luella Carroll
John Schmoelke
Martha Jones
Sadie Herrington
Pauline Terlep
Annie Neilson
Fred J. Williams
Emma K. Oudreck
Thomas J. Sautler
Wm. M. Meade
Mabel Clementson
Wm. Toomey
Helena Froelich
Hattie M. Stottler
Susan E. Boettner
Hattie Olander
Artha Bierce Holden
Mary C. Bierce
Chas. V. Fitzwater
Hiram Bard
Mrs. Hiram Bard
Mrs. J. Edam
Mrs. Phoebe Fitzwater
Andrew Y. Ruth
Mrs. A. V. Ruth
Mrs. Benj. Greene
Miss Tillie Olander
Paul S. Morley
Miss Kate Schma
Mrs. Charlotte McClave

Wm. P. Thurman and Abe Goldberg, of Cincinnati, were at Harrison, and participated in a party given by John Walker, of that place, to some friends. It was much enjoyed, especially the feasting.

Last Sunday, Mr. Thurman was in Indianapolis, to visit friends. He formerly attended school there. Wm. Rich, a pupil here last year, is working for the McCasky Register Co., at Alliance, O., getting ten dollars a week as wages.

E. A. Yeagley, of Bololo, O., is employed by the Sebring Torment Pump Co., for the present.

The Kentucky deaf are to hold their reunion during the first week in September. Dr. Patterson has been asked to deliver the principal address, and he has accepted. He leaves for Danville on the 4th.

The walls of the rotunda on the B floor have been covered with new and attractive wall paper.

The new hospital is now under roof. It will likely be October, or perhaps November, before the building is ready for use, unless the contractor pushes forward the work faster. The boys' and girls' halls on the B floor have been re-painted. The sewing rooms, too, have been touched up by the painter's brush.

Miss Mary C. Bierce is in Columbus to-day, from Circleville. She will be on hand at the reunion.

A party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, of "The Maples," Grove City, Saturday from three to ten P.M., in honor of Miss Clara Winton, of Vicksburg, Mich., who is a guest this week of Miss Bessie McGregor. It was a very pleasant affair, rounding up with an elaborate supper. Those present: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Kent, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Flick, of Washington, D. C., Miss Clara Winton, Mr. Albert Ohlmacher and daughter, Mrs. Emma Kob Sawhill, of Swissvale, Pa., Mrs. J. D. H. Stewart, Mrs. Christian Meyer and daughter, of Cleveland, Misses Bessie McGregor, Ethel Zell, Bessie Edgar, Edith Biggam, Ruth Buchanan and M. Wm. Geilfuss.

Notice to the Deaf of the Hebrew Faith

The Committee of Seven, appointed at the mass meeting of Jewish deaf-mutes for the purpose of securing synagogue services last June, begs to announce that first synagogue services will be held on Friday, September 6th, at 8 P.M., in the Auditorium of the Y. M. H. A. building, on Lexington Avenue and 92d Street.

Those who have not enrolled, should do so as soon as possible, with the undersigned. No names will be entered at any of the services, for religious reasons.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
Secretary,
581 Lexington Ave.
MARCUS L. KENNER,
Chairman,
121 Second Avenue.

Do not be downcast at your continual trials and struggles. Rather take them as a matter of course. Regard them as dents on the shield of a soldier who has been fighting all day to maintain his ground.—I. D. Pusey.

The Twin Cities by the Sea.

Asbury Park and Ocean Grove have about fifteen deaf people enjoying the summer days by the sea, most of whom are located at the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Deegan, of Scotch Plains, N. J., have been here all summer, and expect to remain until October. They are stopping at the Arctic, with their two children.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Porter and daughter, Corrie, of Trenton, are at the Norman House. Their three weeks' sojourn will be up August 31st.

Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, of Philadelphia, spent a week at the Norman. It was her first time at the Grove, and she liked it so well that she is thinking seriously of renting or buying a cottage here next year.

Mrs. B. Smith and little son, of New York, returned home August 24th, after a very pleasant week at the Norman House.

Miss Augus Craig and Miss Bucklew, of Fanwood, are having glorious times. The former is learning to swim and float. Miss Bucklew is an expert at both swimming and diving.

Mr. H. J. Haight is met frequently on the Ocean promenade and looks the picture of perfect health.

Rev. Mr. Moylan, of Baltimore, came down last week, and joins the deaf at bathing hour daily, which is at Ross's pavilion.

Mr. Wesley Breese, who has a nice position at the Pennypacker Press in Asbury Park, as engraver, takes a regular morning dip with the deaf party.

Two pupils from the New Jersey School, Messrs. Messick and Eggert, are employed at the Pennypacker Press, Asbury Park, during the summer.

Mr. A. Baxter lives with his parents in a cottage at the Grove, and is generally found at the fishing pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rose, of New York, have a very nice cottage at Bradley Beach. Miss Muller, supervisor at the Rome School, is with them.

Among the transient guests have been Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, of Trenton, Mr. Wm. Beadell, of Arlington, Mr. Pach, of New York, Wm. Henry, of Hoboken, and Geo. Harry Rigg, of Camden, N. J.

One of the porters at the Norman House, is a deaf mute, by the name of Max Neufeld, a graduate of the 67th Street School. When Mrs. Priest, the proprietress, fell short of waiters, he was put to wait on one of the tables. This was quite a novelty to the guests, who had to learn to make the signs for bread, butter, potatoes, tea, coffee, etc. It was rather awkward at first to both the guests and to the waiter, but after awhile both became accustomed to the thing, and as a result the deaf-mute is one of the regular waiters. Without the use of signs he would have failed.

When Mr. A. L. Pach takes a day off and comes down to the shore, it is to fish. Encouraged by his big luck at Barnegat, with twenty-five and nineteen weeks to his credit, on two different trips, he made an appointment with Mr. Porter, to try for striped bass at Avon. At the first cast, the wind blew his straw hat into the sea; at the next, a bull terrier became tangled up in his line, and it took most of the morning to extricate himself from the dog. Result—bait all gone and no fish. Fishless and hatless he next went to Belmar, where he was joined by the Porters, Mr. Haight and Mrs. Sanders, who came down from the Grove. When Mr. Pach boarded the train that night he had with him two flounders—the only fish caught, and that by Mrs. Sanders.

Undaunted, Mr. Pach came again with "Teddy" Lounsbury and Burdette Smith, who were joined later in the day by Messrs. Haight, Porter, Beadell and Mrs. Sanders. This time he had better luck, sharing equal honors with Mrs. Sanders, each hooking a flounder.

Rev. Mr. Moylan, the deaf mute Methodist Episcopal minister of Maryland, held divine services at Association Hall, Ocean Grove, on Sunday, the 25th inst. He preached a very interesting sermon in easy and graceful signs. Mrs. W. H. Rose and Miss Augus Craig, by invitation, signed appropriate hymns. Among the deaf present: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rose, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter, of Trenton, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Schwartz, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hockley, of Williamsport, Pa., Mrs. Sarah Lawrence, of Newark, N. J., Mr. Lester Jarboe, Mr. A. Baxter, O. E. Lewis and Miss Agnes Craig, of New York City, Wesley Breese and sister, Clara, of Easton, N. J., Miss Muller, of Rome, N. Y., Moses Beesman, of Philadelphia. There were quite a number of hearing people, among whom was Miss Bucklew, Assistant Matron of Fanwood, herself a most fluent sign-maker.

Rev. Mr. Moylan is attending the Methodist Episcopal Conference at the Grove, and on several occasions has given sign exhibitions before crowds on the beach.

We may do a very good action and not be a good man, but we cannot do a very ill one and not be an ill man.

GALLAUDET HOME.

Mr. Miner lost his spectacles some time ago, and a search was made for them, until at last the missing glasses were found in their case in one of his shoes, but how the case got into it remains a mystery to be solved.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Ostrander and Mr. William Ostrander, of Bloomington, N. Y., Mrs. Grace Hasbrouck and her daughter, Grace, of Jersey City, N. J., came here to see Mrs. Noe, on July 24th. Grace said she was five years old, stretched out her chubby thumb and fingers to indicate the number. She is a bright child. After dinner Mrs. Noe accompanied her relatives to the railway station at Camelot, and gave them a send off. On arriving in Poughkeepsie the party crossed the river to Highland, where they boarded a train for Bloomington.

Mr. Thomas Nelson died in Peekskill, N. Y., on July 26th, aged eighty-eight years. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. C. M. Nelson, President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Home. Mr. Nelson held the position of chief judge of the Supreme Court for the Territory of Oregon from 1851 to 1858.

The lawn party about which brief mention was made in a former letter, came off Saturday afternoon, July 27th. Several of the young ladies connected with Zion Episcopal Church, at the Falls, drove here in two stages. They brought ice cream and cake. Mrs. Minnie Goring, of the Ladies' Board, was present and rendered valuable assistance. We all had a nice time.

On their way to the Home from Newburg, N. Y., on Sunday, the 28th ult., Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann stopped for a few hours in Poughkeepsie. The couple remained here until Tuesday noon, when they went back to Newburg to spend the night. Mr. Mann was having a much-needed vacation.

Mr. Bayne's grandson, Mr. Wm. Friedman, has chosen cabinet-making for his occupation. Mr. Friedman may not return to Fanwood this fall, as his widowed mother has three younger children to look after.

Mrs. Charles H. Roberts, of the Ladies' Board, and a friend, dropped in here lately. Mrs. Roberts has a house situated on a hill in Oaks, Ulster County, which commands a fine view of the Hudson.

Mrs. Smith and daughter Alberta, of Pueblo, Col., not long ago registered their names in the visitors' book. They are East on a visit. Dr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss and Master Wood, of Poughkeepsie, relatives of the assistant matron, came here to see her a few weeks ago.

Monday afternoon, July 29th, in a game of croquet played between Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Mann, Miss Porter and Mr. Miner, after a pretty sharp contest, Miss Porter won six times, and was so delighted with her luck that she did not know what to do, but sit down and enjoy a laugh. Mrs. Rusk was recently made happy by a call from her friend, Mrs. George Dougherty, of New York City.

Mrs. Edwards has lost another grandson this summer. Mr. Albert Vincent Edwards was, on July 30th, killed by a train, probably in San Francisco, Cal. He could not hear, was twenty-one years old, and was the only son of Mr. Walter D. Edwards, a well known Western deaf-mute, quite intelligent. Young Mr. Edwards was educated at an oral school in Corry, Pa.

Before breakfast on the 2d inst., Miss Lockwood spied a little bat in the corridor between the ladies' sitting and dining room halls. Mr. Friday was called in to kill the bat, then he threw it away.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain and Editor E. A. Hodgson, of the JOURNAL, arrived here from New York, on the 9th inst. After luncheon they made a tour of inspection and then went to Poughkeepsie, to see Mrs. C. M. Nelson on business. Dr. Chamberlain came back, but Mr. Hodgson returned to the great city.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Thompson, of Hartsdale, N. Y., on the evening of the 10th inst., made their presence felt here. They are Fanwood graduates, but Mrs. Thompson did not complete her full course at Gallaudet College for reasons unknown.

At the Communion service on Sunday, the 11th of August, Dr. Chamberlain said that he and his wife were married forty-one years that day. If somebody had not reminded him beforehand he might have forgotten all about it, for he is too much occupied with Mission Work among deaf-mutes to give a thought to self.

Mrs. Sarah Jones, a blind inmate, died Wednesday night, the 14th inst. The funeral took place at three o'clock P.M., two days later, from the chapel. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated. Mrs. Goring, Miss E. P. Nelson, Miss Kate Pott and Miss Mary Cromwell, of the Ladies' Board, were present, also Mrs. John Moore, Miss Emma Moore, Mrs. Anna Moore Berg and baby Carl. Several of us followed the remains of Mrs. Jones to the Cemetery on the Home grounds, where they were laid at rest.

17th inst., from a short visit somewhere. He expects to go away again. LOUISE.

Origin of New York's Street Names.

Allen Street perpetuates the name and fame of Captain William Allen, one of the heroes of the War of 1812. He was but twenty-nine years of age when he died, but left behind him a brilliant record.

Ann Street was named after the first name of his wife of the first land owner on that site.

Barclay Street, cut through church property, perpetuates the name of the Rev. Henry Barclay, the second rector of Trinity Church.

Bayard Street owes its name to Richard Bayard, nephew of Peter Stuyvesant, who filled the position of Mayor and occupied other official posts in the early history of New York. The Bayard farm was situated between Canal and Bleeker Streets, and between Macdougall Street and Bowery.

Beach Street, a corruption of Bache, was named in honor of Paul Bache, son-in-law of Anthony Lispenard.

Bethune Street honors the name of the Bethune family, noteworthy philanthropists, whose work was of special significance in connection with the improvement of the "Five Points."

Bleeker Street is named in honor of Anthony Bleeker, who for many years was prominent in the literary world.

Bowery (Dutch) means a farm. From Peter Stuyvesant's "Bowery," in the neighborhood of Third Avenue and Thirtieth Street, to the city there was a path, naturally called Bowery lane; this was afterward named Bowery road, and finally the Bowery.

Bowling Green owes its name to the fact that in 1732 it was leased as a bowling green to three citizens who lived in the neighborhood.

Bridge Street is named after a bridge that at one time crossed the Broad Street ditch.

Broad Street was originally a ditch or inlet, known as the "Breed's Graft," or Broad Canal.

Broome Street was named after John Broome, Lieutenant-Governor of New York State in 1804 and a prominent member of many commercial and charitable institutions.

Canal Street was originally a canal forty feet wide, with a promenade and trees on each side of it. It carried the water from the old Collect Pond, on the Hudson River. A stone bridge crossed it at Broadway; this is now below the pavement of that busy thoroughfare.

Chambers Street owes its name to John Chambers, a prominent lawyer and one of the officers of Trinity Church.

Chatham Square, as well as Pitt Street, perpetuates the name of William Pitt, America's devoted and eloquent friend, known as the Earl of Chatham.

Cherry Street was originally part of a large cherry farm.

Church Street was cut through property belonging to Trinity Church.

Christie Street was named after John Christie, a brave and skillful officer, who heroically gave his life during the War of 1812.

Cliff Street formed at one time part of the property of Dirk Van Cliffe.

Clinton Street recalls the name of James, George and De Witt Clinton, whose records in war and in peace are deserving of the highest honors at the hand of the State that gave them birth.

Coenties Slip is a corruption of Coentje, who owned land in that neighborhood.

Corlears Street brings to mind Jacobus Van Corlears, who offered the use of his house for civic purposes to Governor Stuyvesant, and Anthony Van Corlears, the trumpeter, who, it is alleged, gave Spuyten Duyvil its name when he boasted that he could swim across the troubled waters at that place "in the spite of the devil."

Cortlandt Street is a portion of a large tract of land that belonged to Olof Stevenson Cortlandt, the first of that family to settle in America.

Crosby Street was named in honor of William Bedlow Crosby, who had inherited the greatest portion of the Seventh ward. He was connected with many charitable societies and devoted much of his time to benevolence.

D-lancey Street perpetuates the name of Governor James De Lancey, the original builder and owner of the house that afterward became Fraunce's Tavern and the donor to the city of its first town clock.

Desbrosses Street commemorates the official career of Elias Desbrosses, who occupied the positions of Alderman, president of the Chamber of Commerce and warden of Trinity Church.

Division Street derives its name from the fact that it divided the two great farms of James De Lancey and Henry Rutgers.

Duane Street owes its name to James Duane, New York's first Mayor after the Revolution.

Eldridge Street is a reminder of Lieutenant Joseph C. Eldridge, who lost his life in the War of 1812.

Fulton Street was named after Robert Fulton.

Frankfort Street was so called by Jacob Leisler, after his birthplace in Germany.

Franklin Street and Franklin Square perpetuate the name of Benjamin Franklin.

Gansevoort Street was named after Brigadier-General Gansevoort, who rendered important service in checking Burgoyne, for which he received a vote of thanks from Congress.

Goerck Street and Mansion Street were named after Sir James Goerck and his son Mangin.

Great Jones Street belongs to the estate of Chief Justice David Jones, who was prominent in politics during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Gouverneur Street was named after General Isaac Gouverneur.

Greenwich Street and Warren Street were the roads that led to Greenwich, a name given by Admiral Sir Peter Warren to a part of New Amsterdam.

Greene Street honors the name of General Nathaniel Greene.

Hanover Square was named in honor of King George, of the House of Hanover.

Hester Street was so called by Barneet Rynders in honor of his wife, Hester, daughter of Jacob Leisler.

Lewis Street honors the name of Morgan Lewis, a staunch patriot who fought in the Revolutionary War.

Liberty Street was originally called Crown Street, the name having been changed after the Revolution, when all references to royalty were suppressed.

Lispenard Street formed a part of the farm owned by Anthony Lispenard.

Ludlow Street recalls the name of Gabriel Ludlow, clerk of the House of Assembly.

Macdougall Street was named after Alexander Macdougall, a noted "Son of Liberty."

Mercer Street recalls the name of Brigadier-General Mercer, who advised the "night march" on Princeton, and who, rallying his men on that occasion, received his death blow.

Moore Street commemorates the name of Colonel John Moore, a prominent merchant and official.

Morton Street honors the name of John Morton, a well-known merchant of old New York, who advanced large sums of money to the Continental Congress.

Mott Street was named after a successful butcher, Joseph Mott.

Nassau Street honors the name of Prince of Orange and Nassau.

New Street was the first street opened by the English after taking possession of New Amsterdam.

Pitt Street was named after William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

Perry Street was named after Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie.

Rector Street, being originally church property, owes its name to that fact.

Ridge Street was a natural ridge along the top of a hill on James De Lancey's farm. The slope from Ridge Street to the East River still exists.

Rutherford Street recalls the name of Colonel John Rutherford, who was one of the committee who planned the presents system of numeral avenues and streets.

Spring Street owes its name to the discovery of a spring in that neighborhood about the year 1800.

Sullivan Street was named after Brigadier-General John Sullivan, one of the most active officers of the Revolutionary War, who received the personal thanks of Washington for his services in Westchester.

Tinpot Alley is a curious corruption of Tuyn Paat, meaning "Garden lane."

Van Dam Street honors the name of Rip Van Dam, of Dutch descent, who in the year 1731 occupied the position of Governor.

Varick Street was cut through the property of Colonel Richard Varick, who at one time was Mayor of New York.

Vesey Street was named after the Rev. W. Vesey, Trinity's first clergyman. He preached the first sermon in Trinity Church February 6th, 1697.

Wall Street owes its name to the wall of palisades that originally marked its path.

Warren Street was named after Sir Peter Warren.

Water Street was so named because it consisted of land that in the early days of the city was literally under water.

Watts Street preserves the memory of John Watts, the last city Recorder under English rule.

Waverley Place received its name in response to a petition from residents of the neighborhood, who were great admirers of Sir Walter Scott.

Willett Street was named after Marinus Willett, a Revolutionary hero, whose beautiful mansion stood on the site of the present little houses, Nos. 2 and 4 Willett Street. The grounds extended from Willett Street down to the East River.

William Street perpetuates the name of William Beekman.

Ostrich is a Husky Bird.

Because Frank Geissler, a horse trainer, tried to use on an ostrich the same tactics he would on a fractious horse, he is nursing many severe bruises, says the New York Telegram. He was in the Lackawanna railway yards in Hoboken the other day when a full-grown ostrich, with 40-horse-power legs, on the way from Hamburg to Cincinnati, broke from a crate and dashed up and down the platform. Everybody else fled the terror, but Geissler stood firm.

When the ostrich passed the horse trainer on one of its sprints for freedom, Geissler made a flying leap and throwing his arms around the big bird's neck to bring it to earth. But the bird had other plans, and for ten minutes so much happened to Geissler that he says he cannot remember half.

His cries for help brought a number of drivers to his aid, and at imminent risk of being killed by the powerful bird, bound its legs together and dragged it back to its cage. Almost every article of clothing was torn off Geissler during the struggle, and his bruises led him to the decision that it was bad policy for a horse trainer to seize an ostrich by the neck and so leave its armor-plated toes free.

A bad name sticketh closer than a brother.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer,
Lincoln National Bank,
Forty-second Street, East,
New York, N. Y.
COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.
The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York.
The Rev. W. S. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church.
The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church.
The Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas Church.
Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, 35 West 54th Street.
Mr. Theodore W. Myers, 35 West 44th Street.
Mr. William E. Sigmund, 35 West 34th Street.
Mr. J. Van Vechten Olcott, 35 West 24th Street.
Mr. William G. Davis, 35 East 44th Street.
Mr. Henry Lewis Morris, Exchange Place.
Mr. James B. Ford, 4 East 43d Street.
Mr. John H. Washburn, 110 Broadway.
Mr. H. H. Cushman, 51 Liberty Street.

Executive Committee.
The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 35 West 44th Street.
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Matthew's Parish, 120 West 84th Street.
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York.

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TWENTY - FIRST CONVENTION.

Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE.

To be Held at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, on August 29, 30, 31, and September 1 and 2.

The Twenty-first Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, will be held in the chapel of Wissinoming Hall, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., for the purpose of hearing reports, electing four Managers to serve three years in place of the retiring Managers, whose terms will expire at this Annual Meeting, viz: B. E. Allabough, J. S. Reider, G. M. Teegarden, and E. D. Wilson, and celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the Society with appropriate ceremonies on AUGUST 29, 30, 31, and SEPTEMBER 1 and 2, 1907.

The Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, through its Superintendent, Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, has kindly invited the Society to have the use of Wissinoming Hall for the holding of this meeting, and the delegates to be entertained at the low price of one dollar per day.

DAILY PROGRAM.

Thursday, August 29—Morning Session at 10 o'clock

1. Prayer.
2. Address of Welcome by A. R. Montgomery Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents of the Board of Directors of the Institution.
3. Reply to the Address of Welcome, by the President of the Society, Mr. James S. Reider.
4. Annual Address by President Reider.
5. Annual Report of the Board of Managers.
6. Appointment of Committees.
7. Announcement by the Committee on Arrangements.
8. Recess at noon.

Afternoon Session, at 2 30 o'clock :

1. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.
2. Report of the Treasurer of the Society.
3. Report of the Board of Trustees of the Home.
4. New Business.
5. Addresses by members and others.
6. Recess.

Evening Session at 8 o'clock,—Public Meeting.

1. Prayer.
2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.
3. Oration by Prof. E. R. Allabough, of Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Edgewood Park, Pa.
4. Address by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter Supt. of the Institution.
5. Addresses by members and others.
6. Resolutions, if any.
7. Adjournment.

Friday, Morning Session, August 30, at 9:30 o'clock.

1. Prayer.
2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.
3. Reports of Committees.
4. Reports of Local Branches.
5. Unfinished Business.
6. New Business.
7. Addresses by Members and others.
8. Recess.

Afternoon Session, at 2:30 o'clock.

1. Reports of Committees.
2. Unfinished Business.
3. New Business.
4. Addresses by Members and others.
5. Recess.
6. The Convention will be photographed by Mr. Charles Partington, Chairman of the Delaware County Local Branch.

Friday evening, August 30 :

Reception in Wissinoming Hall to all members by Dr. and Mrs. Crouter, 8 to 12 o'clock.

Saturday Morning Session, August 31, at 9 o'clock.

1. Prayer.
2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.
3. Election of four new Managers, in accordance with the charter.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. Unfinished Business.
6. New Business, if any.
7. Reorganization of the Board of Managers.
8. Addresses by member and others.
9. Announcement by the Committee on Arrangements.
10. Adjournment sine die, at 10:45 A. M.

At 11 A. M. Trip to Doylestown.

PROGRAM AT THE HOME.

1. Prayer.
2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society, Jas. S. Reider.
3. The turning of the Mortgage. It will be in charge of R. M. Ziegler, of Philadelphia, assisted by B. R. Allabough, of Wilkesburg, Pa.
4. Address by Prof. John P. Walker, Supt. New Jersey School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.
5. Address by Wm. Stuckert, Esq., of Doylestown, one of the Trustees of Home.
6. Address by E. A. Hodgson, of New York, Vice-President of the Trustees of Gallaudet Home.
7. Addresses by members and others.
8. Luncheon.

Round trip tickets—Adults, \$1.00; Children between five and twelve years of age, 45 cents.

Special train will leave Mt. Airy Station, 11:15 A.M. Arrive at Doylestown about 12:30 P.M. Returning, leave Doylestown about 5 P.M.

Further particulars will be made known at the meeting.

Saturday evening, 8 o'clock :

A Lecture of Shakespearean reading for the benefit of the Home—Subject and by whom to be announced later. Admission tickets, 25 cents.

Sunday, September 1—General Meeting at 10 A.M.

1. Prayer.
2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.
3. Topic for Discussion—"Local Branches and Organizations," by Thomas Reed of Philadelphia, John M. Rehhouse, of Pittsburgh, R. M. Barker, of Johnstown, Chas. J. Butcher, of Lebanon, Chas. L. Clark, of Scranton, Chas. Partington, of Ridley Park, and other members.
4. Topic for discussion (time permitting)—"Annual Donation Day and Amusements for the benefit of the Home," by B. R. Allabough, R. M. Ziegler and other members.
5. Adjournment.

The rest of the day will be devoted to sight seeing, etc.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 2 (Labor Day)—ALL DAY.

All Pennsylvania Deaf will give a benefit picnic for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at a place to be announced later. Those coming from other States will be cordially invited to join them.

The picnic will be under the auspices of the Philadelphia Local Branch through its Committee, which will will be announced later. Further particulars to be made known at the meeting.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

Arrangements have been made with the authorities of the Institution to accommodate those proposing to attend the Convention.

Board per full day - - - - - \$1.00
Meals - - - - - .35

Members expecting to attend the meeting should apply for a room at the Institution. They should let the Secretary know by postal card.

If you are not already a member of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, send in your subscription without delay, to the Treasurer, George T. Sanders, 7418 Boyer Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia. Annual dues, one dollar for men and fifty cents for women. Blank form of Application for Membership in the Society can be obtained by addressing the Secretary.

RAILROAD RATES.

The several Railroad lines in the State of Pennsylvania have lately considered the question of reduced fares and amended their previous authorization (fares are one third for the round trip) as follows:

TWO CENTS PER MILE IN EACH DIRECTION from Trunk Line points in Pennsylvania, (East of and including Erie, Oil City, and Pittsburg) on card orders; tickets to be sold to Mt. Airy, Allen Lane, or Pittsburgh, and good, going, August 26th, to September 2d, returning to September 4th, inclusive.

The said orders will be distributed on application to the Chairman, R. M. Ziegler, 205 W. Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Mt. Airy, Pa. They must be presented to the Ticket Agents at starting points to secure tickets at the reduced fares, and will be honored by the Agents of any of the lines over which the reduction applies.

The Committee on Arrangements, consisting of R. M. Ziegler, Chairman, Thomas Reen, E. D. Wilson, G. T. Sanders and R. M. Barker, will do the best it can to make this occasion one of pleasure for all.

Any desired information may be obtained by addressing the Secretary.

JAMES S. REIDER, President,
R. M. ZIEGLER, Secretary.
205 W. Mt. Pleasant Avenue
Mt. Airy, Pa.

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MAINE.

The next annual convention of the Maine Mission for the Deaf, will be held in Rockland, Me., on Saturday and Sunday, August 31st and September 1st, 1907.

Prof. John E. Crane, of Hartford, Conn., and a native of Maine, is expected to be with us, and to give a lecture on Saturday night. Further particulars will be announced in the JOURNAL, and circulars by about the first of next July. Come, one and all. All are welcome to this convention.

A. L. CARLISLE, Pres.
85 Park View Ave., Bangor, Me.
CHAS. T. FOLSOM, Sec'y,
Waterville,
R. F. D. No. 41. Me.

